

# The Wild Boy

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Summary: 100 years after Hiccup changed fate, lived Amora. A Night Fury hasn't been ridden since Hiccup. Who will be the first to ride one? Tales of a Wild Boy living with Night Furys are just tales, until Amora sees the truth.

## 1. Chapter 1

Hey this is my first shared story. Any constructive criticism is welcome.

(Update: I edited the first chapter due to reviews. I hope you like it better. If not tell me and I'll change it back.)

\* \* \*

><p>A hundred years ago there was the deadliest war ever known! A war where Vikings fought till their last limb! It was the war against dragons! Dragons raided villages and killed our people until we reached the point of extinction. We as Vikings are crazy, but there was one Viking that was the craziest of us all! Now this Viking was hardly a Viking at all. He was a scrawny boy, no more than sixteen. He couldn't even lift a sword or axe! That didn't stop him from doing something no Viking had ever done before, ride a dragon! Not just any dragon, but the deadliest of all the dragons. This dragon is said to be the offspring of lightning and death itself! The Night Fury! The boy and the dragon fought many wars together, including the war on the Great Evil. The Great Evil was the queen of all dragons. The Night Fury and his rider killed the Great Evil earning the trust and respect of all the Vikings, but not without losses. The rider lost his foot in the battle. Dragons then were accepted into Viking society. The world Vikings knew was now different. There was a chance, a war, a friend, and a victory all because of one boy. A boy whose name shall go down in history forever. Hiccup!<p>

The bonfire let out a loud 'crack' when the old man finished his tale. It was dark out that the only light was that of the bonfire and

moon. Around the bonfire sat wide-eyed children no more than ten. Off in the distance a dragon roared and the children cowered. Well, almost all the children but a small red-headed girl. "Sir, what happened to the Night Fury?" She bounced on the log with excitement.

The old man rubbed his beard thoughtfully. "Good question, Runa. The Night Fury's name was Toothless. He left Hiccup a while back to be with his mate." The boys in the group stuck their tongue out in disgust. "Toothless was never too far from Hiccup, just in case Hiccup needed his help."

The little red-headed girl, Runa, asked, "Has anyone ever ridden a Night Fury since Hiccup?"

The children argued for a minute, shouting things like "Duh!" The old man chuckled. "Settle down. The truth is Hiccup was the only one ever to have ridden a Night Fury. He did the impossible. The Night Fury is an untamable beast. While it may look tame, it is as wild and free as the wind. But there are rumors of another said to have ridden the Night Fury. It's getting late; you kids are probably too tired." The old man attempted to get up but the children's protests stopped him. He settled back down and prepared to tell another tale. "About eighteen years ago there was a fire!" The bonfire in everyone's face seemed to spark and crackle with the story.

"It was a forest fire so big that it killed many people! In the center of the forest was a small cabin set away from the village. A family lived there and had a son. The flames burnt the place to the ground said to have killed everyone in the house. But that night after the fire was put out, a villager left a cavern. In the distance he spotted a Night Fury! In the beast's grasp was a baby. It is said that the Night Fury raised the baby as its own. Every few years a villager sees an unexpected sight. Someone as dark as night, with the swiftness of a dragon, cunning of man, and the strength of an ox. A Wild Boy. As dark and dangerous as a Night Fury! He only comes out at night, forever lurking in the shadows of the mountains."

"Alright, that's enough story tellin'. I don't think parents want you to be givin' their kids nightmares." The old man fell off the chair at the sound of the girl's voice.

"Amora!" Runa exclaimed happily. The small red-headed girl wrapped her thin arms around Amora's legs. Amora was a short for a girl of sixteen. She had long brown hair with the occasional braid weaved in it and eyes as green as the deep forest.

"Hello Amora." The old man had perched himself back on the chair and was stoking the fire.

"Hello Cobbler." Amora greeted politely. "I've come to take Runa home." The old man nodded as a dismissal.

"Do I have to go?" Runa peered up at Amora with blue eyes.

"Yeah we do. Nasi is expecting us." The older girl replied, taking Runa's hand, leading her away from the bonfire.

Runa stomped her small foot angrily. "How come Nasi never picks me up herself?"

"Your sister is very busy." Amora looked sympathetically down at the nine year old.

Amora would never say it out loud but Runa was going to be a messed up kid. Amora loved her best friend, Nasi, but Nasi could be so neglectful of her little sister. Nasi and Runa didn't come from the best home. Their father was a drunk and their mother was never around. Amora hoped that Runa never heard her parents arguing, but Amora knew that Runa hears the yells every night despite Amora's wishful thinking. Of course Nasi wasn't all to blame. It was hard on her as well, for she was the only income of the house with her parents refusing to work. On top of that, she has been raising her little sister from the day Runa was born. Both the girls had it tough and Amora tried to help out anyway she could.

"Do you think the Wild Boy is out there?" Runa questioned curiously interrupting Amora from her thoughts.

"Why? What do you think kid?"

Runa looked thoughtful before answering. "I think it would be cool if he were real! I bet he could command every Night Fury. I think he would be the greatest super hero ever!" She smiled brightly at Amora. It was rare Amora saw a smile that wasn't fake on Runa's face. Amora knew she couldn't crush Runa's dreams of the Wild Boy.

"He could be." Amora mumbled for the sake of Runa. As the girls neared the house, Runa slipped her hand out of Amora's. Amora reached out and knocked on the door.

A sixteen year old girl answered the door with a distressed face. "You're late," scolded Nasi. Runa looked like a mini Nasi although neither sister would admit it.

"Bye Amora." Runa hugged Amora's legs before going inside without looking at her sister.

"That girl is so disrespectful!" A sound of annoyance rose from Nasi. "Sorry I couldn't pick her up. I was training all day." Nasi was a dragon trainer. She was known throughout the village as the best. Recently, she has been training harder in hopes of making a Night Fury her pet. Once a year, a lucky person gets to go up on the Dragon Mountain and use the whistle. The whistle was used to draw a certain kind of dragon to the whistler. If the dragon liked the whistler then it became the whistler's pet. That's why the mountain was named 'Dragon Mountain'. The whistle Nasi was hoping to use was the Night Fury's whistle. In two days, the chosen person to call the Night Fury will be revealed.

"So what was the old man tellin' stories about tonight?" Nasi's voice shook Amora from her thoughts.

"The Wild Boy."

Nasi made an annoyed noise. "You told Runa they weren't true, right?" She looked imploringly at Amora. Amora gave a guilty smile. "Oh, you're kidding me! You shouldn't let Runa believe those crazy stories are real!" Nasi snapped. "You're just letting her get her hopes up only to be disappointed!"

"At least she believes in something! She needs all the hope she can get to get through this life sane!" Amora bit back.

Nasi blew a lock of red hair out of her face. "Fine. Let her believe. But expect to hear the 'I told you so' when she's disappointed."

"You really should hang out with your sister more." Amora's face clouded with pity for the little girl.

Nasi's face twisted in annoyance. Amora always mentions this. "Yeah right! I'm not the girl's mother. She needs to be tougher. I don't have to take care of her. She's my sister and a disrespectful brat. Why should I hang out with her? Why would I even want to be anywhere around her?" Nasi blue eyes flashed angrily.

Amora tried to protest. "Nasi-"

"No, I don't want to hear any of your crap." Nasi snapped. "You can just shut it. You don't know what it's like to have a sibling." As soon as the words were out of her mouth Nasi's face clouded with remorse. "Amora, I-"

"No don't worry about it. I got to get home anyway." Without waiting for Nasi's response, Amora headed home leaving Nasi to stare after her with guilt.

It was common knowledge that was often forgotten. Once, Amora did have siblings. She had two older brothers that were handsome, brave, and strong. They were respected throughout the village. Her eldest brother fell in love with a local girl. They were doomed from the beginning because the girl was born sick and destined to die. When she died, Amora's brother went insane and eventually drowned himself to be with his love. Amora's other brother was on a ship when foreigners attacked him. He was killed and his body lost at sea. To this day, she feared the sea. No, Amora didn't have siblings. Not anymore.

That night Amora fell asleep to her father's loud snores, thinking. Maybe, just maybe. We all needed to be a bit more like Runa. Amora dreamt of a Wild Boy with eyes as dark as night swooping in to save her from her fears. Maybe that's what this village needs. A Wild Boy and his army of Night Furys.

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><p>What do you think? I'll try to update the next chapter soon.<p>

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*ALERT! IMPORTANT!\*\*\*\*\***

**\*\*Hey, I am looking for another beta, if you would be interested please message me!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Horns blaring woke Amora up the next morning. She groaned about having to wake up so early before realizing that today was the day her best friend was going to call the Night Fury. She shrugged on a jacket and headed to the mountain with the rest of the village. Amora reached the spot on the mountain where the gathering was held. This part of the mountain was a flat surface removed of trees. Snow lightly covered the ground. On a wooden table lay over a dozen whistles.<p>

Amora spotted Nasi with her family across the clearing. Amora stared at the family for a while. Nasi's father was a tall red-headed man with an unkempt beard. He was sipping a flask, no doubt filled with scotch. Her mother was short and looked unhappy to be here. Runa spotted Amora and waved spastically. Her parents glared at Runa while Nasi simply stared. Amora lifted her hand in a half wave. Runa started tugging on Nasi's coat, no doubt asking if they could go over and see Amora. Nasi whispered something back before walking over to Amora alone. The girls stood next to each other awkwardly replaying the event last night.

"Hey, I'm sorry about last night. I was stressed and it was stupid." The taller girl stumbled over her words.

Amora gave the girl a forced smile. "Don't sweat it. By the way, you suck at apologies."

Both girls gave a hard laugh. They knew all wasn't well, but it would be. Nasi and Amora had fights like those all the time. Both girls were complete opposites aside from being stubborn and temperamental. It amazed the villagers how these girls managed to stay friends. Most thought the girls were crazy for staying friends, but they're Vikings. Crazy was in the blood.

The red-head rubbed the back of her neck awkwardly. "I guess I'll see you after the test. We'll even go for a ride on my Night Fury. Wish me luck."

Nasi ran off to stand in line with the other trainers who just started gathering. Amora had a nagging feeling in the back of her mind. She knew Nasi wouldn't train a Night Fury. No one had for decades.

The leader of the village called for everyone's attention. "I, Bram the Brave, welcome you to this year's Dragon Selection!" The villagers cheered as Bram stepped aside to make room for the elder.

The elder watched how the trainers were with each dragon. Then, the elder picks which trainer was best suited for each dragon. The trainer would step up to the table and pick up the whistle chosen for them. When the dragon came, it was the trainer's job to win over the dragon. If the dragon was won over, then it was officially that trainer's pet. Sometimes some of the whistles were not chosen. The reason everyone was excited this year was because they think that Nasi will receive the Night Fury Whistle.

The elder called the name of the first trainer. He was a short boy with greasy brown hair. The boy received the Gronkle Whistle. The Gronkle was given some Dragon Nip and took it to the trainer. The elder declared the Gronkle claimed as a pet. Seven more trainers

received their whistle in turn. Some of the dragon were declared pets while other dragons fly off or attempt to hurt the trainers or surrounding villagers.

It was now Nasi's turn to receive her chosen whistle. When the elder called her name, she stepped forward determined.

"Nasi, you are chosen for the Night Fury Whistle." The elder's voice was rough from old age. The villagers cheered as Nasi stepped toward the table. She wore a smug smile. Nasi took the whistle from the table and blew through it. Like most whistles, it didn't make a sound humans can hear.

There was a black streak across the sky before a 'thud' vibrates the ground. Some children shriek for their parents to tell them stories about the Night Fury. The dragon was still said the be "the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself". The Night Fury's black body was covered in scales. Its long wings folded around itself. The Night Fury's ears twitched at every sound. It fixed its yellow eyes on Nasi. Nasi's eyebrow were pulled together in concentration as she stared defiantly back.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hey, sorry for the long wait. My computer is still messing up. It deleted this at least 5 times. I almost gave up but then I checked my email and saw all your wonderful reviews! Thank you!<strong>

\*\*Tell me what you think? Do you think Nasi will win over the Night Fury? What did you like and didn't like?\*\*

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*Hey, chapter is up! Sorry its taken forever! Hope you like it!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>The crowds of villagers waited in anticipation to see how Nasi would tame the untamable beast. Only Amora had doubts on whether or not Nasi could do it. Nasi slowly lowered her head in a submissive position. In the gap of Nasi red short hair, Amora saw a smirk on her friend's face. The Night Fury tilted its head studying Nasi like she was a food that might give it poisoning. Nasi bent down on one knee like she had done countless times before in training. She slowly reached out and picked up a large gray fish. She held the fish out in front of her as she stood, keeping her head bowed.<p>

Nasi opened her mouth to speak in soothing tones to the creature. "Do you like fish? Would you like this fish? Come on. Right here." With every word she took a step closer to the Night Fury. The Night Fury didn't move away, instead it glanced back and forth between Nasi and the fish. "Come on. I'm not going to hurt you. Will be the best of friends when I make you my pet, girl."

The Night Fury jerked back and showed its teeth. Amora thought it looked offended, if a dragon could look offended. It spread its long wings and shot into the air with a deafening cry.

Looking away from where the Night Fury disappeared, Amora glanced back at her friend standing alone with a fish in her grasp. All the villagers watching looked shocked. Nasi seemed to have woken from her shock and threw the fish on the ground angrily then kicked it into the woods. The villagers started murmuring asking 'What Happened?'. Amora walked toward her red-headed friend and stretched out her hand.

"Don't touch me!" Nasi bite back furiously before storming off down the mountain.

There was a tug on Amora's skirt. Looking down, she saw Runa's eyes wide staring at her. "Did Nasi win?"

"No, she didn't." Amora said back before heading down the mountain leaving a disappointed Runa at the top.

HTTYD-HTTYD

When Amora made it down the mountain, she went in search of Nasi. Amora knew the one place she would find her. The brunette stared up at the large doors that granted entrance into the training center. Inside a fiery red-head was throwing things around muttering under her breath.

Amora called Nasi's name to get her attention.

"What do you want? Have you come to laugh at me? Or to tell me 'it's ok! It's not the end of the freaking world?!'" Nasi screamed with a wild look in her eyes.

Amora's green eyes clouded with pity. Maybe she should have told Nasi that Amora didn't think it would go well today. But, then again, Nasi looked too determined and hopeful. "No, but I'm sorry."

"Sorry? You're sorry?" Nasi threw a bucket across the room. The bucket shattered against the stone walls. "Don't you get it? That was my last chance! Now everything is ruined!"

"Ruined? You still have your life ahead of you! Last chance? Oh please! There will be plenty of times to get another dragon! Stop over exaggerating!" Amora yelled back. She was so fed up being yelled at!

"I'm over exaggerating?! Coming from you, that's rich! You have parents that love you and care about you! You have a future and freedom!" Nasi had a desperate look in her eyes. "I had one chance, one freaking chance, to have a future and that's gone now!" Tears started spilling down Nasi's face.

Amora tried hard to shake off her anger because of the tears in her friend's eyes. "What future did you lose?" Amora asked, barely biting back anger.

"I made a deal with my parents." Nasi plopped on the ground with a huff. "They told me I wasn't making enough money to support their lifestyle. Ha, their booze, jewels, and kid." Amora knew Nasi was the main source of income in her family. While her parents laid around, Nasi did the chores and raised Runa. "They told me that if I didn't succeed in gaining a Night Fury and the job that would come from it,

then I would have to marry."

All Amora's anger was brought to a halt at the shocking news.

"They already have a man picked out for me. Gellir." Nasi spat the name in disgust. Gellir was the grandson of Hiccup the Dragon Tamer. Gellir shared almost nothing with his grandfather. Gellir was a tall, lanky man with blonde hair and brown eyes. The ladies loved him but he was a complete pig.

"How did your parent get an arranged marriage with him?" Amora asked. Although most Vikings preferred to fall in love, arranged marriages were not un-common.

"My mom slept with a few people." Nasi let out a bitter laugh.

"Why didn't you tell me? I could have helped!" Amora was furious.

"Oh please! I'm going to be sentenced to a marriage with the Devil and all you can think about is why I didn't tell you! You're pathetic!" Blue eyes glared into green ones. Something in Nasi snapped. Maybe it was her loss of not claiming a Night Fury. Maybe it was the upcoming marriage to a pig. Or maybe it was reality crashing down on her. "How dare you call yourself my friend! I have been hurting for months and as usual you have your head stuck up in the clouds, not noticing. Just go away! You're no friend of mine! If I never see you again than it would be too soon!" The red-head collapsed into tears on the floor. "Just go away!"

Amora looked at the tearful face of her once best friend before turning away and running out the door. Green eyes shining and brown hair flying, Amora ran. She kept running with no destination in mind, only the desire to go far away.

\* \* \*

><p>Now don't hate Nasi just yet. What did you like? Not like? What do you think will happen next?<p>

Btw! I'm looking for a beta! Message me if you're interested. I will be continuing this story! I promise!

Thank you for reading and please submit a review! I love reading them!

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*Ok, it is finally here. Sorry, I've had a rough time this month. My grades are not so good, my brothers came back from collage, my grandmother got hospitalized, my best friend had to go to the hospital, and lastly, I have several upcoming trips that needed planning. Thank you to my betas NightFuryOne and Inkorporated. \*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Amora's breathing was ragged. Her forest green eyes peered at her surroundings. Nothing looked familiar to her. She could tell she was in the middle of a huge clearing. Tall trees loomed over her and

judging by how close the moon was, it was very late and she was very high up. Amora knew she would not be going home tonight. She could only hope that she wouldn't come across rabid animals or territorial dragons. Nasi's words played repeatedly in her head. She didn't hate Nasi, she truly didn't. Even though they were best friends, Nasi and Amora got in arguments all the time. Very few of those arguments were ever this nasty. Amora was still pissed at Nasi, but couldn't help pitying her and the situation thrust upon her. Amora wished she could have been there for Nasi like Nasi was for her. When Amora's brothers died Nasi was there, like a rock, supporting Amora.<p>

\_What a stupid friend I've been to her. \_Amora thought to herself. She had been so wrapped up in her own life that she didn't even notice her best friend was hurting. Rustling leaves shook Amora from her thoughts. She picked up a stick on the ground next to her and held it like a club. Slowly she made her way to the sound of the noise.

"Please don't be a rabid animal. Please don't be a territorial dragon. Please don't be a rabid, territorial dragon!" Amora chanted to herself. Two black beady eyes peered at Amora from a bush. Amora raised the stick high, ready to hit the unknown being in the bush. A small brown creature jumped out of the bush and landed at her feet. She jumped in surprise and stumbled backwards, tripping over the stick she dropped when the creature came out. Amora looked up at her spot on the floor. A fuzzy squirrel looked back at her. The creature tilted its head curiously. It was probably wondering what this strange being was doing near its home. It took a last look at Amora then scampered off.

"A squirrel. A freaking squirrel! Some brave Viking you are! Afraid of a squirrel!" Amora complained. Unknown to her, a dark figure sat in a tree, cautiously watching her. This figure was not nearly as nice as the fuzzy brown squirrel. It watched as Amora gathered things in the clearing, making a fire and a place to sleep for the night.

She laid down on the ground next to the fire. Amora wanted nothing more than to go home, lay in her warm bed, and pretend today was just a terrible nightmare. Bugs were creaking around the clearing. The fire crackled happily. As Amora started dozing off she heard a sharp \_SNAP\_ of a branch. She laid very still and used her other senses to assess her surroundings. The noise came from behind her, but whatever it was, it was silent and quick. The back of her neck prickled with fear. She coiled her muscles preparing to move at the next sound. It was silent for a while until a soft noise came from behind her.

Amora flipped around, stick in hand, ready to bash whatever was behind her on the head. Two yellow eyes looked up at her from a dark body. Its long black tail curled around its body. A shocked gasp flew from Amora's lips. She stared at the baby Night Fury bewildered. It was about the size of a puppy with large yellow green eyes. It took a cautious step toward Amora and she jumped back in fear, dropping her stick in the fire.

They stared at each other frozen for what seemed like hours. "You're a dragon." She spoke to the Night Fury. It cocked its head to the side studying Amora. It was uncommon to see a wild dragon so close to a human. Normally wild dragons were feared because of their ferocious

temper, but this one seemed too cute to be harmful. "What are you doing here?" She tried to use the calming voice she heard Nasi use many a times with other dragons. The dragon didn't respond, but she didn't expect it too. Amora stared at the Night Fury in amazement. She studied the creature from head to tail so she could tell Nasi later what a baby Night Fury looked like up close. Amora hoped that Nasi would still talk to her. The dragon spotted the fish Amora laid out for supper. It was lucky the bird carrying it from the ocean accidentally dropped it next to her.

The Night Fury crouched low to the ground in a predator's stance. Its tail slid along the dirt floor in excitement. Amora was too preoccupied in her own thoughts that she didn't notice the baby dragon preparing for a hunt. The Night Fury's yellow eyes watched to make sure the fish wouldn't suddenly come alive, but the fish laid still on the rock next to the fire. Sparks flying caught Amora's attention. She looked over just in time to see her supper pounced on and ate.

Anger and frustration flew through her body. "No, no, no! That was MY food! Mine! Not yours!" She yelled at the baby dragon. "What am I going to eat now?" Tears gathered in her eyes. She was so frustrated today! She lost her best friend, got lost in the woods, and now a dragon ate her supper! Amora plopped on the ground suddenly very tired. Something wet and slimy fell into her lap. She looked down through her tears to see two innocent yellow eyes staring back at her. The baby Night Fury placed the rest of the uneaten fish in her lap. It seemed to understand that Amora was hungry too and decided to share its meal with her even though it was hers to begin with. Amora picked up the half-eaten fish, not minding that there was dragon saliva on it, and took a bite.

The dragon watched this action with wide eyes. Happy that its gift of food was liked, the baby curled up next to its new human friend. Her green eyes stared at the Night Fury in shock. No one in a long time has ever been close enough to touch a Night Fury, let alone a baby one. She slowly reached her hand out to touch the dragon. It made no move to stop her until her hand landed on its back. The dragon went rigid on her hand and its scales started to warm. Amora was oblivious to the danger signs the Night Fury was omitting. She started petting the dragon like one might do to a cat. Her hand started at the top and went all the way down the spine. The baby swallowed the fire it was preparing to spit at Amora and relaxed. Soon it began to purr and nudge its small head against her hand eager for the next stroke. Soon Amora was petting the dragon vigorously and it was purring wildly. The baby flipped over on its back to have its belly rubbed. Amora giggled and started rubbing its belly before stopping abruptly. "You're a boy." She stated the obvious. He only responded by wagging his tail happily.

They played and relaxed for what seemed like hours. "I really must be getting home. My parents will be worried sick." Amora mused to the Night Fury curled up next to her. She decided to call him Rascal because it fit his personality. Somehow she had fallen in love with this creature and was scared to let him go. Suddenly she had realized something, "Where are your parents, Rascal?"

A mighty roar tore threw the night. Rascal perked his head up curiously. Whatever was out there was no friend to Amora.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>What do you think so far? Any ideas about what will happen next? <strong>

\*\*\*Spoiler Alert\* You will meet the Wild Boy very soon. \*End Spoiler Alert\*\*\*

\*\*If you have any questions, let me know and I'll see if I can answer them. \*\*

Matt-Umm...Why shouldn't we hate Nasi? She just yelled at her little sister when she tried to help her! That so means we should hate her.

\*\*Me- I don't know if I explained this very well, but Nasi has had a really hard life. That's something that Amora can't always relate to. Nasi's father is a drunk and her mother is the town whore. Both are very neglectful. When they had Runa, they only paid attention if they were in public, so majority of the time Nasi was raising her little sister. Nasi got a job so she could put food on the table for Runa. But like any big sibling, Nasi thinks Runa is annoying. Nasi is just a teenager and wants to have fun with friends but can't because she has to provide for Runa and that makes her mad sometimes. Now, Nasi has to get married and give up the rest of her freedom that was purely hers. It's a frustrating time for her, but you are right. That gives her no right to yell at anyone. Thank you for your thoughts :)\*\*

\*\*Thanks everyone for supporting this story! Please review! I love reading them. \*\*

## 5. Chapter 5

I'm back, yay! Here is chapter 5. Sorry it took so long. I could sprout excuse after excuse, but the main reason was I am really lazy and didn't have the motivation for writing. ALSO, there is a How to Train Your Dragon 2 coming out and I've been really hesitant writing more because I don't want it to go too badly against the original plot line. And since that plot line is extended to include a SECOND movie, I'm super hesitant.

Thank you to all that have reviewed. They reminded me that someone like to read my work and I should probably finish it. On with the story!

\* \* \*

><p>The roar sounded through the air again, this time closer to the camp. Amora shrank back in fear of the loud noise. Rascal was getting more excited every time the roar sounded. <em>Maybe I will encounter a rabid, territorial dragon<em>\_,\_ Amora thought grimly. The next roar sounded right next to her camp and sent Amora jumping a mile out of her skin.

Two large, yellow eyes glared out of a tree at the edge of her campsite. It was too dark to see the rest of the creature's body but Amora already knew what it was. Her gut told her this was a Night Fury. A very angry one at that. Amora wanted to be angry at the

villagers for saying Night Furies are rare because she had seen three different ones today, but she was too scared to feel anything other than fear.

Rascal feared nothing. He bounded up to the bigger dragon and rubbed his head against it. The bigger Night Fury rubbed its head back until snapping its head around to glare at Amora when she tried to escape. The bigger Night Fury took a protective stance in front of Rascal that seemed almost mother-like. Amora wanted to slap herself. Of course the mother dragon was furious. An unknown creature was near her baby, it was only right that the mom got protective.

Suddenly Amora wished she sat in on more of Nasi's dragon training lessons. She took another fearful step back before she realized her mistake. Mother dragon saw Amora as a threat and got ready to attack. Amora closed her eyes tightly as the dragon prepared to lunge. She let out a scream when she was knocked hard onto the ground, barely missing the fire.

One breath. Then another. Amora was still alive. Her eyes flew open to check. She ran her hands all over her body to see if any part had been burnt. She was alive and scratch free! Amora wanted to leap in the air in joy, until she noticed that she was still lying on the ground and something else was breathing her air. Fearfully, she raised her eyes to take in her surroundings.

There was something on top of her, that was for sure. She almost screamed when she noticed the thing was breathing! Starting from the bottom, dirty feet, on either side of her body, connected to strong tanned calves that looked like they were in the sun everyday. Rock hard thighs covered by torn brown pants. Amora skimmed over that part, but obviously not fast enough since she quickly found out the thing on top of her was male. A strong set of tanned abs connected to hard pecks and strong broad shoulders.

Thick sun-kissed arms were placed on either side of her head. She couldn't bring herself to look at her face yet. Whoever this man is, he is built like a rock. A very unmovable rock, she thought sadly. Finally, she let her bright green eyes see his face. He had a tanned face with a strong jaw with black stubble and high cheekbones. She skipped over his eyes and instead focused around them. Long untamable black hair and thick eyebrows. She couldn't help but think how attractive his features are, but that didn't stop him from being a very large, unmovable rock. She took a deep breath before looking him in the eyes.

It felt like the breath was knocked out of her. Green met dark brown eyes. She found herself falling into dark chocolate abyss when she snapped herself out of whatever trance she was in. Amora glared at the man who looked to be no older than 19. His eyes gave away nothing as he cocked his head to the side. Her bottom lip stuck out in a pout when she realized he wasn't going to move anytime soon. She looked down at her own muscles and the pout deepened.

Amora was in no way fat or weak, but compared to the man on top of her she might as well been a stick. A very breakable stick. She huffed at her own thoughts making the dragon she forgot about, when staring at The Rock over here, growl at her. Great not only did she have a strange man on her but she still wasn't out of the danger zone with Mother Dragon. How could it get much worse?

\* \* \*

><p>I need thoughts! Please review. What did you like? What did you hate? What do you think is going to happen? Is The Rock attractive sounding to you? If not, how can I make him more handsome-like? Review!<p>

## 6. Chapter 6

It is a short chapter and I'm sorry. I'll try to make the next one longer. Here is a late Christmas present to you guys! I wanted to get it out before or on Christmas, but holidays are crazy! I want to give a HUGE thanks to NightFuryOne, my beta, and all those reviewing out there! Because the next chapter will be longer, I have 4 finals coming up, and my SAT test, it will take a while for me to update.

Anyway, Merry Late Christmas!

\* \* \*

><p>It was like the gods heard Amora's thoughts because it <em>did</em> <em>get</em> much worse. Not only did it start raining, but Mother Night Fury also seemed to hear Amora's thoughts and Mother didn't like that one bit. The dragon's teeth gleamed at Amora in the dark. The scaled beast lifted its head and gave a roar that shook the surrounding trees. The boy, no \_man\_, \_on top of her jerked to a standing position when at least ten more roars responded. Too many pairs of yellow eyes glared out of the forest.

Amora jumped to her feet behind the man whom took a protective stance in front of her for reasons unknown to her, but she wasn't going to complain at a time like this. She couldn't help but peer up at the tanned man in front of her. He was glaring with what seemed like a warning at the Night Furies. Only when her neck started to hurt did Amora realize how tall he was. Compared to Amora's 5'4 frame, "The Rock" as Amora named him in her mind, had to be at least 6'2. Growls from the forest shook her out of her gaze. Amora cowered behind the man. Don't get me wrong, Vikings are brave but even Amora knows eleven Night Furies against her, well lets just say the odds aren't in her favor.

It almost happened too fast for Amora to comprehend. Suddenly the Night Furies were charging at her and the man defended her. He fought and growled at each one without fear. Sweat dripped down his muscular back as each dragon fell defeated. There was something almost primal about him. Amora blinked and all the Night Furies were defeated except the Mother. The Rock gave a roar that made her a shiver run through her entire body.

She looked back and forth between man and beast. They were communicating silently through their eyes. His gaze was so intense and powerful Amora couldn't look away. The way they talked was memorizing until the Mother broke the spell.

Silent commands flowed through the clearing. One by one the dragons got up and disappeared into the forest until only Mother and Rascal were left. An understanding seemed to pass between Mother and the man

in front of Amora before Mother left with Rascal trotting behind her.

After what seemed like endless silence waiting to see if the Night Furies would come back, it ended with handsome man turning around to face Amora. Despite his stoic face she could see curiously within his brown eyes. He reached his hand out and cupped her face. His fingers burned into her skin making Amora forget the frigid air around them. His fingertips traveled from her cheek to her long brown locks. His gripped the hair tightening in his hand before releasing it swiftly leaving her missing the warmth.

The Rock turned around and started walking towards the forest. Amora wanted to call out and thank the man for saving her life, even if he had no concept of personal space. He turning around as if hearing her plea but before she could get her words out, he took one last glance then disappeared into the darkness.

\* \* \*

><p>What did you think? What do you like and don't like? Should I be adventurous and bump the rating up to M and try my hand at some naughty things?<p>

Thank you to Anonymus, BestFrEnemies, and johnnylee69 for reviewing. I have one Guest who reviewed chapter 5, thank you and please put your name next time? I'd love to thank you for personally!

I want **\*\*ALL\*\*** my readers to participate in this! **\*\*\*\*\*** **\*\*I** see many of you clicking favorite and follow but hardly any reviews! That make me sad. So I have a challenge for you. I want you to scour the internet for the perfect picture of "The Rock" or as I'm sure you already know "The Wild Boy". And send them in via Review or Private Messaging! I really want to see what you think my descriptions sound like. I'll put all those names who send in a picture into a hat and pick one a random and do something special for them.

3 you all! -Alexandria

End  
file.